

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).

PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1882.

Year	Yearly Total	Daily Average
1882	8,131,157	22,248
1883	19,335,234	53,000
1884	28,169,783	77,172
1885	31,241,303	86,962
1886	70,126,041	192,120
1887	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was

14,727

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was

24,054

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was

79,085

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was

166,636

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was

234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was

257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year	Tons	Value
1882	1,438,488	\$2,438.48
1883	2,529,307	\$4,298.31
1884	5,629,303	\$9,529.30
1885	13,029,303	\$21,648.81
1886	28,126,041	\$46,810.07
1887	31,241,303	\$52,002.17

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIGAR-MAKERS' GRIEVANCE.

The very full and plain statement made in THE EVENING WORLD to-day by Secretary HALLER of the reasons for the cigar-makers' strike will give to the public a clear understanding of the merits of the controversy.

The strike is the weapon of last resort with the members of the International Union, and when one is ordered there is good reason for believing that there is ample cause for it.

Tenement-house cigar-making is a three-fold evil. It causes sickness and misery to the workers, it prevents fair wages to skilled workmen and it gives to the public an inferior and often an infectious article.

If law cannot stop the abuse, organization of the workers and a healthy public sentiment ought to do it.

HUNGER AND COLD.

These are the two weapons—starving and freezing—that the coal barons rely on to "bring the miners to terms."

No diminution of the millionaire fortunes, no abatement of the "net profits," no friendly conference with the miners whose desperate stand proves the reality of their grievance, no arbitration of differences.

Only hunger and cold.

And this is how monopoly "protects" American labor. This is the superiority to the "pauper labor of Europe" of which the tariff defenders boast.

BIG AND LITTLE HEROES.

The four policemen, KAVANAGH, QUINTELL, WHITE and CRONIN, together with the unknown citizen who first gave the alarm and the gallant firemen who responded so promptly to the call, all proved themselves heroes at the Children's Hospital last night.

Honor to them, one and all!

But heroism is not an attribute of strength or age alone. It pertains to the spirit. And no greater heroism could be shown than that exhibited by many of the crippled children who risked their own safety to assist their helpless mates.

Honor to the child-heroes as well!

SENSIBLE ROYALTY.

The King of Sweden has shown uncommon sense—for royalty—in giving his consent to his son's marriage with "a subject"—plain Miss Muxce.

It is a love match, and the lady is as fair as the Prince is brave, and as beautiful as he is "talart."

How much more fitting is such a match than the marriages dictated by ambition and "arranged" by diplomacy! It is encouraging to see human nature recognized by royalty once in a while.

The Tennessee belle who has agreed to marry the one of her suitors who can run eight miles the quickest, has set up a queer test. It will establish nothing except which lover has the greater endurance; but perhaps that is the quality she knows will be required in her husband. A running mate is not usually so acceptable to a woman as a staying mate.

Miller Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, appreciates the force of one of the reasons given by THE WORLD why Mr. BLAINE will probably not be nominated: "He cannot be elected." Further reasons are superfluous.

If the American people once get roused to the point of putting their "sweet tooth" into the sugar trust and shaking that conspiracy as it deserves to be shaken, there won't be much left of the monopoly.

The Georgia young man who has married his aunt will be the father of his own nephews and nieces—when they arrive.

The attempt to limit Democracy to mere office-getting has proved a complete failure.

CHAT WITH POLITICIANS.

There are two district houses who are not taking much stock in harmony—Charles Stecker (Tammany Hall) and William P. Mitchell (County Democracy). They do not speak as they pass by.

Tammany Hall will demand a delegate-at-large to the National Convention.

Police Justice Power and Commissioner Croker have their union conferences at each other's house.

Gen. Spauld has probably returned to Washington by this time. He was to have left the Hot Springs last Thursday.

Police Justice Duffy is home again. He spent two weeks among the orange groves of Florida.

The new enrolment of Republican voters in the Eight District shows that John J. O'Brien is still on deck. There was no opposition to his continuance as the boss, and he and his followers will once more appear as regulars of the G. O. P.

"Here I am again," remarks the wicked ex-senator, "and my friends have charge of the enrolment of the Thirtieth District," and then he sent the following telegram to John J. O'Brien: "I do not need any help, do you?"

All the present members of Congress from this city are candidates for re-election, although it is said that T. J. Campbell is not anxious for another campaign like the one he had in 1885.

Street-Cleaning Commissioner James R. Coleman is a bachelor, and a very handsome and rich one, too.

Police-Justice Andrew J. White is still talked of for Sheriff. If the County Democracy could secure the office in a union distribution he would be the nominee this fall.

WORLDLINGS.

Denver is reputed to have more well-dressed men on its streets than any city of its size in the country.

Nelson Cardwell, a colored man died in Greenboro, N. C., recently from the effects of a splinter bite on the neck.

North Carolina is a State without cities. Wilmington, its largest town, has only 10,000 people, Raleigh 12,000, Charlotte 9,000 and Asheville 5,000.

Parties of sportsmen residing in the vicinity of Washington, Pa., had a great rat hunt recently and at its close counted up 6,400 tails as trophies of their success.

A large copper medal, minted in King George's time and evidently worn by some British soldier in the Revolutionary war, was recently ploughed up in a field near Monroe, N. C.

Lorenz Hummel, of Adrian, Mich., was switching one of his children the other day, when the switch broke and a splinter struck him in the eye, piercing the pupil and destroying the sight.

W. G. Sterling, of Greeley, Colo., recently shot in North Park a magnificent specimen of the golden eagle, one of the largest seen in the State for years. It measured seven feet from tip to tip and was evidently of great age.

An Eliot Indian Bible was sold at Libbey's auction rooms, in Boston, a few days ago for \$210. The comparatively low price which this rare book brought is accounted for by the fact that it was an imperfect copy, lacking one leaf and having thirty of the leaves supplied from another copy.

A Louisville Justice says that his docket serves very well as a court thermometer. When the weather is cold he has fewer cases and when the mercury goes up the docket increases. (Once, on Jan. 1, he had one case and the docket kept increasing until one day in August there were 232.)

Niegle Morgan, a young farmer living near Jamestown, Dak., was overtaken by the blizzard while driving across the prairie in an open wagon. He tumbled the wagon-box on the ground upside down, crawled under it and remained there in comparative comfort for two days and a night, until the storm had spent its force.

One cold night in December, some ten years ago, J. M. Williams was murdered at Florence, Ky., in Eastern Tennessee. His neighbors heard shrieks and cries for help, but his murderer was no known. Ever since, on the anniversary of the fatal night, the neighbors hear the same terrible cries and sometimes see the face of the dead man peering in at the windows.

John Ek came into a grocery at 11th Ave., Wis., one day last week with the tips of his fingers frozen, and the proprietor advised him to thaw out the frost by holding his hands in an open barrel of kerosene which stood just outside the door. Ek did so, and when he withdrew his hands a few moments later found that they were frozen solid. When a thermometer was placed in the oil the mercury marked 20 degrees below zero.

BOOTS BLACKED INSIDE.

Mr. Hayseed—Great pear tree; 'Boots blacked inside' must be tanned hard on the stocking.

Lord Frederic Hamilton, of London, is at the Van.

H. H. Arnold, a Pittsburg iron merchant, is staying at the St. James.

John C. Coombs, one of Boston's lawyers, has arrived at the Albemarle.

W. A. De Haven and A. Y. Dunlap, of Montreal, are recent visitors at the Gilead.

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A MAN OF AIR.

The Burglar of Park Avenue.

Police Capt. Thomas M. Ryan, Of the East Thirty-Third Street Station.

BY

PART I.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

NE beautiful May evening I was sitting in my room at the station-house. It was a little after 9 o'clock when some one came into the station, and a moment later the Sergeant opened the door and said a girl wished to see me.

A pretty Irish girl, about nineteen years old, came into the room with me. I told her to sit down. She was in a state of much excitement, and could hardly wait for me to ask her what the trouble was before she explained.

"Oh, Captain, there's burglars in our house! They're there now!"

"Where is the house?"

"It's Mr. Stone's house, — Park avenue, Oh, Captain, they may be killing the girls and robbing the house. Come quick and catch them! Mr. and Mrs. Stone are at the theatre and there's only the girls in the house."

I called my detective, and taking six patrolmen rushed for the house immediately. It was not far away, and proved to be a fine-looking residence.

As soon as we appeared five servant girls rushed towards us in great trepidation.

"Oh, there's burglars in the house, Captain," they cried in excited tones.

I sent a policeman at once to the roof, another into the back yard and a third into the cellar. I then went through the house from basement to garret, carefully searching every room, examining the presses, looking under the beds and in every place where a burglar could conceal himself. I found no one. The burglar, or burglars, as the case might be, had gotten off.

I asked the girls who discovered the burglar and how he came to be seen.

"Annie seen him and she scared him off," said two or three at once. They evidently admired Annie very much.

"Well, you look around and see if anything is missing from the bureau or wardrobe or closets," I said, "and let Annie tell me about it."

"Here's Annie," said one of them, pointing at a young girl. "Go on, Annie, and tell the Cap'n all about it."

Annie was a good-looking young girl of twenty-two, well built and with rosy cheeks. She told me the story in a nervous, excited way.

"I'm the nurse," she said. "I have to take care of Willie. He's a darling little boy, two years and a half old, and he's the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Stone. They went to the theatre this evening. I took baby up stairs to rock him to sleep about 8 o'clock. When he was asleep I laid him in his little cot and tucked him up."

"Then I went downstairs to the kitchen where the other girls were having a good time talking and laughing. About 9 o'clock I ran upstairs to see if Willie was sleeping all right. When I got into the room there was a big man taking Willie out of his crib. I rushed at him and tugged and tussled with him until I had the dear little fellow. Annie mentioned the baby, not the burglar."

"As soon as I got hold of him I screamed and yelled 'Perlice' just as loud as I could. Two of the girls ran up from downstairs. When I told them there was burglars in the house they ran back to the kitchen, and Rebecca ran over to the station-house to get von to come over and catch the burglars. Some of the girls went and hid in the closets, and some went down into the cellar. They were scared almost to death, but I was the only one except me that wasn't afraid so much. So I was left all alone to watch little Willie."

Annie seemed to tell her story with a good deal of enjoyment at the sensation and was perfectly willing that everybody should think she was an awfully brave girl.

"What kind of a looking man was the burglar?" I asked of her.

"Yes, I pulled that over my head, he let him go. He got scared when he heard me yelling and saw I wasn't afraid," said Annie, proudly.

"Where did he go to?"

"I looked out into the back yard and let himself down into the yard by the galvanized leader that goes from the roof to the back yard. Then he got away."

"Come with me and let me see the room," I said to her.

She led me up to the third floor into a back room. Willie was sleeping in a crib in the corner of the room, and I saw no sign of the burglar. The bedclothes were smoothly tucked in around him.

"Was he pulled out of his crib by the burglar?" I inquired of the girl.

"He was a mixture of burglar and baby again in the last sentence. The burglar was 'awful strong' and the 'dear little fellow' was Willie, the baby."

I looked out into the back yard. The leader ran near the north window of the two that looked out on the area. But it was a bold thing to get to it from the window when there was every chance for missing it and tumbling down on the flags below. I could find no marks of nails or any trace of the escaped burglar on the window, which was open, or on the walls or the leader.

"He went out to her first statement. The burglar had tried to get away with Willie and she had struggled with him and snatched the baby from him, when he got out of the window. There was a mixture of burglar and baby again in the last sentence. The burglar was 'awful strong' and the 'dear little fellow' was Willie, the baby."

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ways found her to be the most truthful and trustworthy girl we have ever had. She did just what might have been expected, only it was very lucky in her to grapple with the man that way.

"It was, there's no doubt of that," I answered. "But it seems a little strange that she could have got the baby away and asleep again so soon, and that the burglar left no trace, the bedclothes were not disturbed and there was no confusion in the room."

"Well, Capt. Ryan, I do not doubt the girl's word at all. She has been too faithful a nurse for us to suspect her. I am sorry you should seem to have any suspicion of her."

The story was printed in all the papers and the whole neighborhood was thrilled by the narrow escape and by the heroism of the young nurse girl. Annie became quite a heroine in the eyes of them all, and Mr. Stone thought a great deal more of her than they had ever done. Annie liked the praise she got and was only too willing to tell the story over again to anybody who wished to hear it.

A month later she came to the station-house and told me that as she came out of a drug store on Third avenue, near Thirty-sixth street, she had seen the very man who had attempted to steal Willie in May. She said as soon as she saw her he got on a Third avenue car and